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J. S. FOUKE, Editor and Publisher.

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W. M. STARK, P. M.

Poetry.

For the Freeman.

We Shall be Happy Yet.

BY CHARLES G. M.

What though our way be darkened now,
And hope seems fled amain:
Shall we before misfortune bow,
And never smile again?
What though our early days were sad,
Life's morning clouded o'er,
Yet summer days may yet be had,
For all the gloom they wore.

Have we not in our youthful days
Roamed over yonder hill;
Or in the vale where sparkling plays
The brook that turns the mill?
We were not then as we are now,
Though tears our cheeks did wet—
Why should despair brood o'er thy brow?
We shall be happy yet.

Though since beside a cheerless hearth
We have shivered in the cold;
And hunger hushed all thoughts of mirth—
Why need our griefs be told?
Though we have wept the bitter tears
Of poverty and woe:
Yet hope we still—though we have fears—
We yet may pleasure know.

We have wandered far thro' many a land—
Have many a sorrow seen,
Since Death broke up our household band,
Yet memory still is green:
And blame us not if still we cling
To scenes we'll ne'er forget—
They round us still bright visions fling—
We may be happy yet.

And now though stranger faces gaze
Upon us as we go,
Fond voices for our sad hearts raise
The prayer for others woe:
They see with joy the stranger one,
And welcome him with cheer—
What hath not love and kindness won?
We can be happy HERE.

Yes, in the future for us lies,
We will hope a happier lot:
And brighter days and sunnier skies—
Let past grief be forgot.
Though we have suffered—sure'y we
Have paid misfortune's debt—
Then let us cheer—bid sadness flee—
We shall be happy yet.

Fremont, May 20, 1850.

Miscellaneous.

From Neil's Saturday Gazette

The Old Bachelor.

BY MARY J. REED.

Howard Erlington was an old Bachelor.—Now don't, I pray you, gentle reader, begin to think over the list of your acquaintances bearing the same appellation, for rest assured I have no reference whatever to any of them. I claim exclusiveness as it regards my old bachelor. Before proceeding further, I must give you an insight into his expectations, appearance, character, and—age, I was about to say; but as I do not know exactly how old he was himself, of course I cannot satisfy you on that point. As it regards expectations; flourished as the most eminent lawyer in the town, had been to Congress, and possessed quite a large amount of cash. His appearance was gentlemanly in the extreme; but if ever you have the happiness of meeting with him, do not, I pray you, sit too near, or you may see a few silver threads shining through the raven blackness of his hair; premature perhaps they may be, but still they might spoil the golden tissue that has been woven around him. To be sure, I have heard some ladies say that although they did not admire white hair in general, they considered those particular ones quite a decoration, as they served to show off to advantage the glossy blackness of the rest. But I had almost forgotten that this was a story, not a desertation on gray hair. He was considered quite a good match by all the elderly ladies who had marriageable daughters at their disposal, and by most of the young ladies themselves; but there was something about him that forbade intrigue, so he was left to follow his own inclinations, even by the most desperate manœuvrers.

His sleigh was always out in sleighing time, but never has lady's hand pressed the heavy buffalo lining, or if such a thing ever had happened the lady must have driven herself, for the sleigh held but *one*. I think I see you raise your hands in horror at such a perversion of sleighing, but do not blame me, for I do not mean to excuse him myself. He was thought a woman hater by some, but I know that to be a libel, for he had no objection to women, provided they did not interfere with him. He was very polite to those who visited his aunt. If it was quite dark when they rose to go, he would see them safely down the garden walk to the gate, and then take leave of them with a bow that would have graced a Chesterfield. How he managed to resist the combined attractions of the ladies of Northtown, and those who sported at Washington, while he was on duty there, I know not; but Howard Erlington remained with his aunt Mrs. Durell, having apparently no desire for other female companionship.

School misses in their teens, whispered to each other of some fair young girl, now dead, to whom he had devoted his heart, and to whom he was still faithful. Young ladies, in whose minds a few more years had served to lessen the belief in undying attachment, spoke of some faithless fair one, who had forsaken him for a more wealthy suitor, and whose frailty caused him to lose all reliance upon the rest of her sex. I do not know which class was right, or whether both were equally wrong; as neither the gentleman himself nor his aunt seemed disposed to gratify the curiosity of inquiers; and as Mr. Erlington was born in another State, and came to Northtown the same decided bachelor he was when my story commences, their elders could not ease their minds upon the subject. Not that I ever asked any thing about him. Oh, no! I never take any interest in such things: but several of my acquaintances did so without success. To prove that those who applied themselves diligently to search and find out the secret mystery, were capable of doing so, if the thing was practicable, I will give an instance of Miss Chatterton's attempt.

There was a portrait of a young lady with a sweet, interesting countenance, in Mrs. Durell's parlor, which had been but lately placed there, and which served very well as a commencement for the attack.

"My dear Mrs. Durell, that is a beautiful face," began Miss Chatterton, glancing towards the portrait.

"Do you think so?" said Mrs. Durell. "There is much beauty in the expression, but the features are not at all regular."

"Would it be too much to ask the name of the original?"

"Certainly not; it is the portrait of Eveline Morton."

Miss Chatterton repeated repeated the last name to herself; it is not Erlington, reasoned she, so it cannot be her nephew's sister. So thinking she had found something out about the picture, she shifted her ground.

"How lonely you must have been last winter when Mr. Erlington was in Washington; he has been with you so long, and is such pleasant company." (A fib, by the way, at least so far as Miss Chatterton had an opportunity of judging.)

"Rather. Howard is sometimes *very* entertaining.

At this moment the gentleman himself entered. Now, thought Miss Chatterton, I will sound him on the picture subject. As soon as Mr. Erlington was comfortably seated, she recommenced the attack.

"I was just now praising the beauty of that portrait to your aunt."

"Were you?" was the cool reply.

"Yes; I do admire the countenance—regularity of features is nothing in itself—expression is every thing."

"Do you think so?" and Erlington glanced at Miss Chatterton's countenance, expressive of nothing at that moment but eager curiosity.

"Yes; but I think I can read fickleness in her face, sweet as it is." (Miss Chatterton believed that Howard Erlington was suffering from the frailty of his lady love.)

He smiled as he said, "I hope, Miss Chatterton, that you do not read countenance correctly."

That smile was difficult to interpret: but Miss Chatterton began to doubt whether she might not be on false ground, so she changed to the other mode of reasoning.

"Ah!" said she, going near the picture, "I have indeed read incorrectly, for there is something in the face that is too good for this sublunary world; something that speaks of heaven; I presume long ere this she has joined kindred spirits in a better land."

"I hope not, for her husband's sake, as well as my own; at the same time, I give you great credit for the originality of your discriminating powers; my sister is intelligent, and lovely, but this is the first time I ever heard, too good for this world applied to her."

In something like this manner all our questioning powers were foiled; so it was wisely resolved to wait patiently for some future denouncement.

One bright summer's morning, shortly after this last scene, Mrs. Durell entered the parlor where Mr. Erlington was sitting, with an open letter in her hand. "This letter," said she, "is from my friend, Caroline Willmer, of whom you have frequently heard me speak. When her husband died, her whole support consisted of an annuity, ceasing at the time of her death, which took place a few years ago. Since that time Caroline has been employed in a large seminary in New York; but having always spent much of her time in the country, the confinement of a city life does not seem to agree with her, and the advice of her physician is, that she will leave the city for a few months at least. I have always been her adviser, and now she has applied to me for counsel. I did think of asking her to pay me a visit here, but that of course depends upon how far it may be agreeable to you."

To Erlington the idea of being obliged to live, day after day, in the same house with a young lady, particularly one in delicate health was any thing but agreeable; yet he loved his aunt, and wished to oblige her if he could: so he gave consent with as good grace as possible, thinking as he did so, that during the visit he would spend the most of his time in his office.

Time, whose wheels stay not for old bachelors, nor yet speed the quicker for young ladies anxious to get out into the country, brot on the day of Caroline's arrival.

"Ah," thought Erlington on that eventful morning, "I hope she is not a beauty, for then we will be overwhelmed with airs; but then every lady who is not a beauty, is a blue; so I will not wish at all about it, but just keep out of her way as much as possible. Of all things I must not be present when she arrives; and as the cars will soon be here, I will start off, leaving my aunt to meet her at the car office, and I can send back Jim to see about her baggage."

As dinner hour advanced, he found he must go home and meet the enemy, hoping most uncharitably all the way, that she might be so fatigued by her journey as to be obliged to keep her room.

On reaching the house, a loud but not unmusical laugh, fell upon his ear; it ceased as he entered the parlor; and the introduction, all coldness and formality on his part, was hardly over, when Hero, a large Newfoundland dog, generally stately and formal as his master, who had followed him into the room, gave one glance at Caroline, and then with all the freedom of an old acquaintance, bounded towards her. Dogs are said to be able to distinguish those who are fond of them, and so it seemed in this case.

"Down Hero!" said his master.

"Oh, no! do not drive him away—I am so fond of dogs."

"One comfort," soliloquised Erlington, as they entered the dining-room, "she is not a beauty, nor is she afraid of Hero's spoiling her clothes." This last consideration, by the way, was a very important one, as he dreaded very much being obliged to banish his favorite from the parlor.

Caroline seemed to enjoy her visit very much, rambling round the country, sometimes attended by Mrs. Durell, and always by Hero, who contrary to his master, seemed anxious to make their visitor's stay agreeable. If Erlington wished to avoid her, she quite as much, apparently, avoided him.

About a week after her arrival at Northtown, Caroline was walking through the main street in the village, when Erlington, not having observed her, turned into the same street. It was too late for him to retreat, so bowing profoundly he walked on by her side.

"Excuse me," said she, after vainly endeavoring to suppress a laugh, "but I cannot help laughing at the dilemma in which you are placed."

Erlington looked at her, the impulse was irresistable, and he joined in the laugh.

"I know it is very wrong," she continued, "to laugh at our *friends* when they are in difficulty; but hapily I have the power of relieving you, without the loss of your reputation for politeness. When you get to the end of the street, if you mean to continue on, I, who am only walking for pleasure, will turn off; or if you turn off, I will continue on."

Erlington seemed puzzled; but the perfect good nature with which this was said, prevented any angry feeling. Therefore, although contrary to his usual custom of straight forward truth, he stammered out the pleasure it gave him to walk with her.

"Oh, no!" she replied, "do not say so." By this time they had reached the end of the street. "Now," said she, "Mr. Erlington you will be kind enough to let me know, which direction you mean to take."

"The same as your own," was the reply.

"No, no, that will not do," she answered; "I do not wish you to go with me against your will."

"But it is my *will* to go with you."

"And it is my will *not* to go with you," was the laughing rejoinder; and she darted off with such rapidity that it would have required running to have overtaken her.

From that time all Erlington's reserve was banished, and Caroline was to him as a sister—nothing more.

Her health, which needed but two or three months of country air to restore it, was now completely established. Not to prolong her stay unnecessarily, she spoke to Mrs. Durell about trying to obtain another situation in a school.

"I do not see why you should be in such a hurry about it, dear Cary," was the answer; "but if you are resolved to do so, I will ask Howard about it; he has a much better opportunity of seeing newspaper advertisements than I have."

Miss Willmer felt, she knew not why, a repugnance to having Mr. Erlington engaged in doing any thing for her, but not having any good reason to give for objecting, she remained silent.

Accordingly, Mrs. Durell consulted her nephew about it. "I do not think it a good time to look for a situation, it would be much better to wait until Spring, or January at the soonest," he answered.

As Mrs. Durell loved Caroline very much, she of course did not object to their arrangement, and being rather afraid that the young lady might not agree, she concluded not to consult her about it, but keep her ignorant of any offers that might be made.

Winter came on, bringing with it parties and sleigh-rides. "Miss Willmer," said Erlington one morning, as that young lady stood at the window gazing out intently at the show which was falling thick and fast. "I should like very much to know what you are thinking about just now; something very delightful, if I might judge from your countenance." The falling snow always brings pleasant feelings to my mind," she answered; "but I was watching the efforts of Mr. Stanley's servant to get through it. I see he is coming up the garden walk."

A moment after a note was handed to Miss Willmer, containing an invitation to join in a sleighing party, (snow permitting,) which was to come off the next evening. "And," said the inviter, "as Mr. Erlington's sleigh holds but one, and there will be room in our sleigh, we will be happy to have you go with us." She reached the note to Mr. Erlington.

"Do you mean to accept it?" he asked.

"Oh yes, I should like it very much," she answered, "but you need not trouble yourself about a conveyance, as Mr. Stanley says there will be room in their sleigh."

"Ned Stanley is not a safe driver, I can assure you," he replied; "besides I mean to get a new sleigh, as the one I have is out of repair, and I might as well get a larger one while I am about it. In fact I saw one for sale down at Smith's, which will just suit me."

The next evening was beautiful and clear, the moon shone brightly—it was just the night to enjoy a sleigh-ride. Great was the consternation of the party, and serious the annoyance of Mr. Ned Stanley, when upon reaching Mrs. Durell's door, they saw the new sleigh from Smith's drawn up in front of the house. The next thing was, who was to drive Miss Willmer? The surprise increased when Erlington opened the garden gate, ready equipped for the sleighing, handed Miss Willmer in, and then jumped up by her side. Never before had he graced a Northtown sleighing by his presence. However, this was not a night to stand still in silent wonder, so the signal was given, and off started the party, amid the jingling of numberless bells and the shouting and laughter of the company.

"What a delightful night," said Erlington, as they glided over the snow, the moon reflecting its shadows upon its polished surface.

"Yes," replied Caroline; "I mean to be as happy as possible to-night, as most probably this is the last sleighing party I shall have it in my power to enjoy, for a long time."

"Why?" asked Erlington in great astonishment.

"Simply because I have had the offer of a situation as governess, from a friend who resides in the South. I have spoken to Mrs. Durell, and she thinks well of it."

"But are you not very pleasantly situated here?"

"Oh, yes very."

"Then why not remain with us?"

"Because I do not choose to be dependent upon others."

"I do not call it dependence, when you confer a favor by remaining. I am sure I do not know what my aunt will do without you."

"It is not right to remain inactive here when I might be actively employed elsewhere."

"We will give you employment quite as arduous as that which you wish to undertake, if you will consent to remain with us."

Caroline looked at him enquiringly, but there was an earnestness in his gaze, that startled her, and she turned away. I will leave it to my readers, who boast of numberless conquests and offers, to supply what follows; suffice it to say the Southern offer was declined, and the next Spring saw our old bachelor transformed into a Benedict.

Song.—Oh, marry the man you love, girls, if you can get him at all; if he is as rich as Crocsus or as poor as Job in his fall. Pray do not marry pelf, girls, 'twill bring your soul into thrall, but marry the man you love, girls, if his purse is ever so small. Oh, never marry a fop, girls, whether he's little or tall, he'll make a fool of himself, and you, he knows nothing well but to brawl. But marry a sober man, girls, there are a few left on this ball, and you'll never rue the day, girls, that you ever married at all.

☞ A liberal lady donor has given $1000 to the New York Colonization Society to be appropriated at the discretion of those who receive it.

Spring.

The bursting buds look up,
To greet the sunlight while it lingers yet
On the warm hill-side,—and the violet
Opens its azure cup
Meekly, the countless wild flowers wake to fling
Their earliest incense on the gales of spring.

Continual songs arise
From universal nature—birds and streams
Mingle their voices, and the glad earth seems
A second Paradise!
Thrice blessed spring!—thou bearest gifts divine!
Sunshine, and song, and fragrance—all are thine.

Nor unto earth alone—
Thou hast a blessing for the human heart,
Balm for its wounds and healing for its smart,
Telling of Winter flown,
And bringing hope upon thy rainbow wing,
Type of eternal life—thrice blessed Spring.

Socrates.

Socrates was in truth, not very fond of subtle and refined speculations; and upon the intellectual part of our nature, little or nothing of his opinions is recorded. If we may infer anything from the clearness and simplicity of his opinions on moral subjects, and from the bent which his genius had received for the useful and practical, he would certainly have laid a strong foundation for rational metaphisics. The slight sketch I have given of his moral doctrines which every person of education has been accustomed to hear from his childhood, but two thousand years ago they were great discoveries; two thousand years since, common sense was not invented. If Orpheus, or Linus, or any of those melodious moralists, sung in bad verses such advice as a grandmamma would now give to a child six years old, he was thought to be inspired by the Gods, and statues and altars were erected to his memory. In Hesiod there is a grave exhortation to mankind to wash their faces: and I have discovered a very strong analogy between the precepts of Pytagoras and Mrs. Trimmer: both think that a son ought to obey his father, and both are clear that a good man is better than a bad one. Therefore, to measure aright this extraordinary man, we must remember the period at which he lived; that he was the first who called the attention of mankind from the pernicious subtleties which engaged and perplexed their wandering understandings to the practical rules of life: he was the great father and inventor of common sense, as Ceres was of the plough, and Bacchus of intoxication. First, he taught his contemporaries that they did not know what they pretended to know; then he told them what they knew nothing; then he told them what they ought to know.—Lastly, to sum the praise Socrates remember that two thousand years ago, while men were worshipping the stones on which they trod, and the insects which crawled beneath their feet: two thousand years ago, with the bowl of poison in his hand, Socrates said, "I am persuaded that my death which is now just coming, will conduct me into the prescence of the gods who are the most righteous governors, and into society of just and good men; and I derive confidence from the hope that something of the man remains after death, and the condition of good men will then be much better than that of the bad." Soon after this he covered himself up with his cloak and expired.

Poetry of the Bible.

We wonder not at the simple faith of the old Pagan Pantheists, who saw their god in the glorious sun, heard him in the winds whispering through the forest groves, and felt him in the silent beauty of earth, and sky. To this the Greeks added the classical mythology which sprang from the cultivated brain of that highly civilized people; and the Hebrews, whose religious ideas were far in advance of the Greeks and all other ancient nations, added the sublime conception of God himself, as the active ruler and governor of nature, riding upon the wings of the wind, shaking the earth and making the pillars thereof tremble, quieting it by the south wind, and making the morning stars sing together for joy, wrapping himself about with thick darkness, and employing the lightnings and the thunders as the ministers of his judgment. Thus, in all the aspect of nature did the Hebrew recognize his God; and alike in the sunshine, the rain, the fire and the tempest, did he hear "the voice of the Lord." Hence the sublime grandeur of the inspired Israelitish poets stands out with startling brightness from the material Pantheism of remote times and their great thoughts have descended through the circling ages of the world, to beacon the way of life and truth to all men. [Eliza Cook's Journal.

Mind Your Dots.—A Kentucky member of Congress wrote to his wife on his arrival at Washington city, that he had "formed a connection with a very agreable *Mess*, and expected to spend the winter very pleasantly."—Unfortunately, to the surprise and mortification of the good lady to whom he was writing, he inadvertently dotted the *e* in the word *Mess*.

☞ 'Ruthy, my dear,' said little Harry, the back street cobler, coaxingly to his better half one Saturday night, 'Ruthey, lend me a ninepence—that's a dear—I want to get a quart of juniper to keep Sunday with.' 'But,' returned the good wife, isn't that a large allowance for you?' 'Now Ruthy, by jing, Ruthy! don't be stingy,' replied the husband, winningly, 'what's a quart amongst one?'

A Landlord Frightened.—For some weeks past a well known landlord of this city was in the habit of dunning in a most unmerciful manner, one of his tenants sent a note, in substance as follows, to him:

Dear Sir:—If you call on me, back room of third story, at 4 this afternoon, I will pay you. Yours truly, W.

The landlord had read the testimony in the Webster case, and at once took the hint. He has not troubled his tenant since.

[Pitts Post.

☞ A huge cave, containing immense deposits of lead and copper, had been discovered near Madison, Wisconsin.

☞ If the spring put forth no blossoms, in summer will be no beauty, and in autumn no fruit—so if youth be trifled away without improvement, riper age will be contemptable and old age miserable.

☞ We may set it down as an axiom that young ladies connot know everybody's names, when it is impossible for them to know what their own may be in a twelve month from now.

Lodging in Iowa.

Some years ago I became possessed with the idea that the far west was the place for a 'young man to rise.' The conception of the idea, and the determination to test the truth practically, followed close upon the heels of each other. Accordingly one bright and glorious morning in the spring of 1843, I bade farewell to my native village, to the crowd of warm-hearted relatives and friends who gathered round me, and with a tear for the past, and a hope for the future, I took up the line of march for the El Dorado of the Nor-West—Iowa.

After a short and very pleasant trip, I debarked at Keokuk. An old and intimate friend of mine had located himself some fifty miles back of this place, nailed his law shingle against a tree, and was, as his letters informed me, doing a 'rushing' business. I desired paying him a flying visit, and soon found myself well mounted and bounding away over the vast and fertile prairies of the infant territory.

As night approached I drew up at the door of a squatter, and after a brief parley, was admitted a lodger for the night. The house was merely, what is well known in the west, as a double squatterry, and of course contained but two rooms and loft. I was soon stretching and warming myself before a blazing log fire, and replying with all the volubility I could muster, to the innumerable questions of the old squatter and his squatteress, or half grown son and two full grown daughters.

After partaking of a hearty supper, and the table had been cleared and set back, the old pioneer said:—

'Well, stranger, I 'spose you feel tired after your ride; when you wish to retire you can take that bed,' pointing to one of the two beds which the room contained.

I bowed an assent, and he and his better half retired to her chamber in the other end of the building. In a little while after the son ascended to his apartments in the loft, and I was left alone with the daughters, Sally and Betsey Bean. Sally was large, fat, fair-haired, blue-eyed, and less of twenty-five; Betsey was exactly her antipode; small in statue, a brunette, with dark hair and eyes, as black as night. She could not have been more than eighteen.

The conversation still went on; they made no move to follow the rest of the family from the room, and leave me to seek repose. But there they sat and sat, the fat sally plump before the fire, and the black-eyed Betsey in the chimney corner. I was getting sleepy and sincerely wished they would go; but all wishes were in vain, there they still sat, fixtures of the reality. I now began mentally to consign these two scions of the great Bean stock to a much hotter country than Iowa. At last, the little clock on the mantle struck 10. Now, thinks I, they will surely go, for the tolling of a clock always reminds one that it is time to come or go; but it had no effect on the Beans, probably because they had heard it so often. At all events there they sat. My stock of patience was exhausted, and my eyelids getting exceedingly heavy, I began to despair of tasting 'tried nature's sweet restorer' that night, when the bigger bean, to my infinite joy, said—

'I see you are getting sleepy, Mr. Smith, and recon would like to go to bed.'

'Yes, I do feel a little sleepy,' I replied, not wishing to force their hospitality by appearing too anxious.

She rose up from her seat, approached one of the beds, pulled down the clothes nicely, patted the pillows into the most inviting shape, and returned to her seat, saying I could just 'turn in' there when I had a mind to.

The last vestige of hope departed, and I relapsed into sullenness, and mused over what I conceived to be a grievous misfortune. What on earth could they mean? Where were they going to sleep? Or were they going to sleep at all? Who was to occupy the other bed? This last interrogatory I asked myself, which threw me into a profound reverie, in the midst of which the little clock struck 11. I could keep my eyes open no longer, I must and would go to bed come what might. Accordingly, got up, very leisurely pulled off my coat, and threw it across the back of the chair.—Now, I thought they would certainly go; but they never budged. Off came next my cravat and collar, and I took another side glance at the Miss Beans. They were both looking right at me, and appeared, as I thought deeply interested.

I could proceed no farther, my modesty triumphed over my disposition to sleep, and I sat down once more in despair. I soon rallied, however, and determined to make a last effort. I pulled off one boot, then the other, and then my stockings, and stretched my bare feet out to the fire.

I took another glance at the Beans. They seemed to bear it all with Christian fortitude. Indeed, the black-eyed Bean looked so intently at my feet, that I began to think that she had discovered something peculiar in their formation, which had heretofore escaped my observation. I now litterally 'give in.' I had fired all my ammunition at the enemy, *but my breeches*, and without success. The Beans maintained their position, and I began to revolve in my mind the earliest possible manner of sleeping in a chair, when the little clock tolled the still hour of midnight.

The big Bean once more said—'Come, stranger, I reckon you had better go to bed.'

I reckoned so too. But how was I to do it? What should I do about my inexpressibles? my ride over the prairie had covered them with mud, and all chance of sleeping with them on was thereby lost. But the crisis had arrived; I must go to bed, and I must take off my breeches. Longer delay was useless. I retreated to the corner where the bed stood. The large wood fire lit up the apartment with a blaze of light. I stole a last glance at the Beans. Their eyes were upon me; no matter my blood was up. In another moment off came the breeches, and I stood forth in the glory of a solitary shirt!

'*Why don't you wear drawers*, stranger?' said the big Bean.

'*Or longer shirts!*' echoed the little one from the chimney corner, as I dived in the bed, covered my head and all, and silently invoked the maledictions on all the Beans in general, Sally and Betsey Bean in particular.

The sun was shining brightly through the window when I awoke next morning. I looked at the other bed, it gave no sign of having been occupied during the night. Breakfast was ready, I eat heartily, visited my friend, and the evening of the same day found me streaking it on a bee line back to the Old Dominion.

To Newspaper Publishers,

As the season is nigh at hand
All Bedlam or Parnassus is let out,
to rusticate, and inflict weak, washy epistles upon poor editors, lavishly interlarded with French quotations—treating on green fields, moonlight walks, splendid steamers, &c., and so on—I think I have hit upon an expedient of lightning the labors of both editor and correspondent, by getting up a model letter, to be stereotyped—blank places to be left for different locations and names.

If the "model" *is* fitted for these parts, it will, like the almanac, answer for their localities. Cynos.

Dogtown, April, 1850.

I last week with mingled feelings of joy and of sorrow bade adieu to the city of three hills, and embarked on board the good steamer *Essex*, which plieth between the Athens of America and the Isle of Noddle. She is a noble boat, under guidance of her prince of captains, made the passage nobly. 'Twas a lovely, spring-like, day, and I enjoyed myself hugely—as I stood leaning upon the *tableau de vaisseau* watching the fairy forms of the lady passengers as they ever and anon would flit by me. Upon our arrival at the island we took the cars, bound towards the rising sun. The iron horse seemed to almost annihilate time and space, and I quickly found myself at my journey's terminus. I was highly gratified to find that a young lady who had been my *compagnon du voyage*, and with whom I had formed a slight acquaintance, was likewise to sojourn here for a short season. She is a charming creature—almost irresistible; and, *ex parlant*,' you'd fancy

"'Twas an angels voice!"

I have an invitation to attend a *fete champrete* this evening, by this lady. I like the manner here, although they are quite *au contrairi* to what I have been accustomed. The village boasts of an excellent tonsorial establishment, fully equal to those of our city *ie faire refraichir les cheveux*.

I sojourn at Deacon Tucker's hotel. The deacon is a king of a landlord—a whole souled fellow, or in vulgar parlance, a "cock-robin bird." At the *table d' hote* we have the beat of *faire une gross de ponse*.

Mrs. Deacon Tucker oversees the *cuisine* affairs *in propria persona*—she is decidedly *au fait* at these things.

Accompanied by the angelic creature of whom I made mention in the opening of this epistle, I took a moonlight stroll last evening along the velvet banks of Dogtown river,—*Petit* faces, propelled by a gentle breeze, rolled gingerly on under the soft light of sweet Cynthia, and save the discordant notes of a wild cat-owl, all was hush!

"Beside the water's shallow brink,
The maid and I did watch the drink!"

I chanced to get a glimse at the village belle this morning. She was just returning from a promenade. She was attired in a pea green gingham frock with manifold flounces. An overwhelming sun-bonnet, with a cape of huge dimensions, both of the same fabric as the frog, covered entirely her pretty face and neck: but my imagination ran riot—and I could fancy the charms which lay hidden among the ample folds of envious gingham!—Her whole *tout ensemble*, or as the sailors say, *de tete en tete*, she is asserted by all the *jeans gens* to be *femme extrement compase!* In point of eyes, however, it is said that there are others in town, that possess *plus d' eclat*. *En passant*, there is a *gent* at our hotel who owns as pretty a pair of optics as I could with to see.

Not much news stirring here, but, *n' importe*, here is the latest gossip. Simeon Spudge, Esq., it is whispered, has been dangerously smitten uy sundry glances from the widow Butters; the last bulletin, however, reports him convalescent. Julia Spinnidge has given Flim *le sac*. Elder Marks, it is rumored has engaged, or is about to engage a new front door for his domicile, and Deacon Lovage has lost his wig! They say his graceless son Bill has sold it to buy cock-tails with. *Quelle betz!*

No more at present, for I have, like every man, other "business and desires" to attend to *"tels qu'ils sont."*

Au revoir! Adolphus Simplex.

A Hosier Attorney on Capital Punishment.

The following oration was delived some where in Indinia, by one of the profession, who would seem to have quite an aversion to capital punishment.

"May it please your lordship and gentlemen of the Jury:—The case is as clear as ice and as sharp to the doin' as now from your sweetheart. The Scripture saith, 'Thou shalt not kill:' now if you hang my client you transgress the command as slick as geese and as plump as an egg in the loafer's face. Gentlemen, murder is murder—committed by twelve jurymen or by a humble individual like my client. Gentleman, I do not deny the fact of my client having killed a man, but is that any reason why yon should do it? No such thing, gentleman. You may bring the prisoner in guilty—the hangman may do his duty—but will that exonerate you? No such thing. In that case you be murderers! Who is prepared among you for the brand of Cain to be stamped on his brow to day? Who, freeman, who in this land of liberty and light?

Gentlemen, I will pledge my word not one of you has a bowie knife or a pistol in his pocket. No, gentleman, your pockets are odoriferous with the perfumes of cigar cases and tobacco, you can smoke the rectitude in the pipe of a peaceful conscience! but hang my unfortunate client and the scaly alligators of remorse will gallop through the eternal principles of animal vertebra and your anatomical construction is turned into the railroad for a grim and gory goblins of despair.—Gentleman, beware of committing murder! Beware I say—remember the man who attempted to steady the ark and tremble.—Gentlemen, I adjure you by the American Eagle, that whipped the game cock of creation, and now sits a roosting on the magnetic telegraph of time's illustrious transmigration to do no murder! and lastly, gentlemen, if you ever expect to wear long tailed coats—if you ever expect to wear boots made of the true hide of the Rocky Mountain buffalo—and to sum up all if you ever expect to be anything but a set of sneaking, loafing, rascally, cut throated, braided, small ends of humanity, whittled down to indistinctability, acquit my client and save your country.

The prisoner was acquitted.

☞ Proud men never have friends. Then how foolish is pride.

☞ The deaths in London are more than one thousand every week.